

# NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

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NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1809.

1872

## THE FRENCH FAMILY.

### A TALE.

BY MISS ELIZA FRYMANS.

(Continued.)

ONE evening, when the Countess, Lilodine, and Adela were walking in the spacious garden before the house, a man of a very shabby appearance came towards them, and whispering a few words in Lilodine's ear, hastily retreated. Half screaming, she flew after him, and left the Countess and her sister to wonder at the action. Some minutes elapsed before either spoke; and when they did, neither could satisfy the wonder of the other. They continued walking backwards and forwards in the garden for some time, waiting her return, but no Lilodine came. Impatiently Adela ran to the servants, but they were equally ignorant of where she could be; she had not been within doors since she went out with the Countess and her, and they stared with wild alarm at the questions she asked. "What was to be done? they had made every inquiry they had deemed proper, and Adela and the Countess grew frantic with fear. In vain they waited de la Tour's return, to communicate the affair to him; the night arrived without their being cheered by his presence. Where could he have tarried? was the question. Adela recollected he had said, that he did not know when he might return, being engaged to join a party of loyal nobles at the hotel. That night and another day passed without any news of either; when a violent knocking towards midnight roused the family, and the Countess ordered a servant to open the gate. Her orders were obeyed, and a man rushed past the servants who were ranged round the gate, and into the room where sat the Countess and Adela. The former started at his appearance. "Ah! Charles," said she, turning pale, "why this unusual visitation?"

He seized her hand, and, bending his knee, cried, "Can you Lady, trust to my honour?"

"I can."

"Then instantly depart this house with me."

"How!"

"The eager mob already approaches, and, in a few seconds, this building falls beneath their hands. Rise, rise, Ladies, and follow me; even now I hear the populace furiously railing against you; prepare, prepare, my Adelaide."

The trembling Adela helped him to disguise her beloved Countess, and flinging the clothes about herself, she followed him, supported by her mother's arm, through a door leading to the back part of the house, and they soon found themselves without side its walls. A carriage waited within a few yards of the building, and the chevalier Charles handed them into it; and mounting the box, they set off at full gallop.

They had gone some stages, when the Countess declared she was too weak to proceed any farther; and, at her earnest desire, the chevalier stopped at the first village they afterwards reached. An old woman of a very decent appearance, welcomed her visitors, and, hearing

the state of Lady de la Tour, she kindly brought forward every refreshment her cottage afforded, and did all in her power to soothe her sufferings.

"Have you a bed, my good women?" asked the attentive Charles, withdrawing a pair of fine eyes from the invalid face; "a bed you can possibly spare for the accommodation of this unfortunate lady?"

"Why, yes, and please you, my Lord, the lady shall have my bed, bless her sweet face; and Miss can sleep at night on a couch that stands in the same room for the accommodation of those who wish to be near each other. But you—Ah! that is the stop! where can you rest?"

"Oh! never mind me," cried Charles, his countenance all satisfaction; "I can sit in this arm-chair,—stretch myself on the floor, or anywhere. But what will you do, dame?"

"Good lack, don't talk of me! I shall not think of sleeping while the poor lady remains so unwell, but must sit by her bed-side."

"Oh! no, amiable woman," exclaimed Adela, "I will take upon me the office of nurse, and you shall not be disturbed, but shall have the couch."

"Well, well, we will not dispute about it now," replied dame St. Julien, "but proceed to support your companion up stairs. I see her head droops."

Adela joyfully acceded to her kind consideration in favour of the Countess, and helped to support her up stairs to bed, as faintly she assured them she was indeed in want of rest; and added, that she hoped they would forgive her for the anxiety she occasioned them.

Adela having drawn the curtains round her friend, took a book from her pocket, to beguile the time, and seated herself by the side of the bed, unknown to the Countess, till the invalid falling into a sleep, released her from her watch, and she softly retired and descended to the lower room. The chevalier Charles hailed her return, and the old woman being absent, they were left tête-a-tête with each other. The conversation turned upon their recent danger, and fortunate escape from death. Adela inquired by what means he had been acquainted with their perilous situation? and the chevalier, with great delicacy and caution, informed her that the Count was imprisoned with the father of Adelaide and several others. "Fortunately for you," said he, "I chanced to pass at the time your father and those other nobles were seized at the hotel, the place of their assignation. I heard the vile execrations of the mob against the family of de la Tour, excited by his particular taunts: nay, I even beheld a party gathering to execute their vile revenge. Mad with terror, I ran to your rescue."

Adela thanked him a thousand times, while tears bedewed her cheeks at her father's hapless fate.

The night had scarcely arrived, when Adela retired to rest, leaving dame St. Julien, very reluctantly, upon the floor by the side of the Countess. She flung herself on the couch, worn down by fatigue, and dropped into the arms of sleep. Towards midnight she awoke

by a noise so near her, as to make her start;—and, rising, she went towards her mother, assured that the sigh she heard had come from her; but she still slept: and Adela, thinking the sound an illusion, was again dropping into sleep, when a groan, deep and awful, struck upon her ear. Frantic with horror, she started up, and ran towards the door, convinced that it proceeded from the next apartment, to which she eagerly hastened.

What a sight presented itself as she entered the adjoining apartment! She beheld an elegant female form, in all the agony of woe, kneeling by the side of a palter, where lay extended the breathless figure of a man. At her approach, the lady raised her drooping head, and, from some unknown cause, shrieked and nearly fainted. Adela rushed forward to her support, and, bending over her, recognized the altered features of her dear Lilodine! The noise had awakened the good woman of the house, who now stood before them, while yet the sister of Adela lay in an insensible state.

"What! dead?" said she.

"I hope not, nor dying," said Adela; "see, she recovers!"

At that instant, Lilodine started on her feet. "Behold!" she cried, "my lover is no more! Oh! my beloved, but much erring Traval, never till now knew I how much I loved! Draw near, Adela, and tell me if you could possibly have recognized his once handsome features?"

The soft voice of the Countess, at this moment, called Adela's and Lilodine followed her sister. The amiable Adelaide received her with delight, and inquired, with extreme delicacy, the cause of her long absence from her.

"Madam," replied the weeping girl, "you cannot have forgotten, that on the evening of my elopement, a man of a very shabby appearance came toward us in the garden, and, whispering something in my ear, drew me aside;—those words were—'Lady, your cruelty has driven your lover to the brink of the grave.'—No wonder I shrieked with terror, and followed him farther into the gloom to learn something more. Thus acted well the villain—he led me to a particular spot where waited Traval, who, clasping me in his arms, carried me to a carriage in waiting, and instantly ordered it to proceed. You may be sure I warmly remonstrated with him, but to no purpose; he loved me too well to part so easily with me, he said; and as my father had denied me to him as a wife, he would gratify himself at his cost, in spite of myself. Happily, his intentions were never realized: for not two days after my seizure, we were attacked by banditti, who slightly wounded the muletter, and left Traval for dead. With the coachman's assistance I managed to place him in the coach; though half senseless from extreme fright; and, looking out every moment for a habitation, at length caught sight of this village; and, after some little time, had the pleasure of alighting at the door of this house. Traval survived but a few minutes after he was put to bed: he seemed affected at my grief, and warmly thanked me; but said it was but justice to acknowledge, as it might enable me the better to conquer my sorrow, that

it was my money and connections he first sought, and, to retaliate on my father, and finally gain me, he next aimed my ruin. "Alas!" continued Lilodine, "what were my feelings, dear sister, and respected Countess, while thus he spoke? I certainly should not have survived him. If the good St Julien had not acted with the motherly kindness she did—nor can I sufficiently praise her silence on the subject to her new guest, or reward him according to my wishes."

Lilodine ceased, and timidly delivered her purse to the dame, who at first refused, but was at length prevailed upon to take it.

(To be continued.)

### The Influence of the Female Sex on the Enjoyments of Social Life.

I SHALL ask the indulgence of the fair sex, while I make a few observations on the figure which the ladies are calculated to make, in a matrimonial state, and in social life. It may afford them instruction, and I think cannot fail of being agreeable.

Matrimony, among savages, having no object but propagation and slavery, is a very humbling state for the female sex. But, delicate organization, quick sensibility, lively imagination, with sweetness of temper, above all, qualify the fair for a more dignified society with men, who are to be their companions and bosom friends. In the common course of education, young ladies are taught to make an agreeable figure, and to behave with external decency and propriety. Very little attention is paid to the improvement of the mind, and little doth it redound to the honour of the human race. Due cultivation of the female mind, would greatly add to the happiness of the gentlemen, and still more to that of the ladies.—Time imperceptibly glides off; a day, when youth and beauty vanish, a fine lady, who never entertained a thought into which her admirer did not enter, surrenders herself now to peevishness and discontent. A lady, on the contrary, who has merit, improved by virtuous and refined education, retains, in her decline, an influence over a gentleman, more flattering than that of beauty; she is the delight of her friends as formerly of her admirers. Admirable would be the effects of such refined education; contributing no less to public good than to private happiness.

A gentleman, who, at present, must degrade himself into a fop or coxcomb, in order to please the ladies, would soon find, that their favour could not be gained, but by exerting every manly talent, in public and private life and the other two sexes, instead of corrupting each other, would be rivals in the race of virtue; and a mutual desire of pleasing, would give smoothness to their behaviour, delicacy to their sentiments, and tenderness to their passions. The union of a worthy man, with a trifling, frivolous woman, can never, with all the advantages even of fortune, be made agreeable. How different the union of a virtuous pair, who have no aim but to make each other happy!

Cultivation of the female mind is of great importance, not with respect to private happiness only, but with respect to society at large. The ladies have it in their power to form the manners of a gentleman, and they can render them virtuous and happy, or vicious and miserable.—What a glorious prize is here exhibited, to be contended for by the sex!

### MAXIMS.

All sins, all passions have power to infatuate a man but lust most of all.

Warning not taken is a certain presage of destruction.

Custom of success makes men confident in their sins.

No devotion is so fervent as that which rises from extremity.

The recovery of any good is far more preferable than the continuance.

The intermission of comforts hath this advantage—that it sweetens our delight more in the return, than was aliated in the forbearance.

Grief grows greater by concealing joy by expression. Happiness communicated, doubles itself.

He who intends to do much business, must rise betimes and lose no opportunity.

### ELLEN'S GRAVE.

Thou art fallen, young tree, with all thy beauty round thee. Thou art fallen on the plains, and the field is bare. The winds come from the desert, and there is no sound in the leaves.

Rest in peace, thou beam of light. *Ossian*

Soft, soft be your step as you tread by yon willow,  
For beauty and sorrow repose near its shade;  
Let no burst of pleasure be heard near their pillow,  
Nor smile mock the hillock beneath which they are laid.

Tho' lowly the hillock, tho' simple the inscription,  
Which tells to the traveller—Here, Ellen found rest;  
Of her virtues tho' no venal lays give description,  
Let mirth's flaunting spirit the dell ne'er molest.

For search o'er the mountain, the vale, or the meadow,  
No floweret so lovely as Ellen was, blows:  
And, like the sweet violet beneath yon shrub's shadow,  
To bloom in a modest retirement she chose.

The gay smile of joy fresh attractions might borrow,  
From mirth's lovely dimple on Ellen's fair cheek;  
But no dewy tear dimm'd the sad eye of sorrow,  
Which Ellen's soft pity to dry would not seek.

Tho' in her each virtue and beauty were blended,  
I hey, alas! form'd the mark for the arrow of grief;  
She lov'd—was betrayed—and life's happiness ended,  
In death's chill embrace from her woes sought relief.

Then soft be your steps as you tread by yon willow,  
And check not the tear to her memory that flows:  
And Ellen's mild spirit shall flit round your pillow,  
Acknowledge that tear, and make sweet your repose.

### From the Original Irish.

Oh! let me hush thy tender fears  
That prophesy our love's decay.  
And kiss away those steaming tears  
That all thy timid doubts betray.

For though the wing of each fleet hour  
Should brush some honey charm away;  
Yet fear not, love, to lose thy power,  
The soul that won can ne'er decay.

Still glowing on thy cheek I'll find  
The lingering blush of passion's dye  
And beaming from thy kindling mind  
A ray still bright'ning in thine eye.

### LINES,

Pronounced extempore at the grave of a beautiful boy.

Oh, thou wert sweet as roses of the morn—  
Sweet as the flowers that the gay meads adorn—  
Sweet as the zephyr playing in the grove—  
Sweet as the whispering voice of gentle love!

And art thou gone for ever from our sight?  
Are thy bright eyes closed in eternal night?  
Ah! no—the sacred volume cannot lie—  
Thou art a charming cherub in the sky!

\* Take heed that you despise not one of these little ones: for I say unto you, That in heaven their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in heaven.

Even so it is not the will of your Father which is in heaven, that one of these little ones should perish.

Matthew xvii. 10. 14.

A good heart cannot endure to be happy alone, and must needs, unbidden, share with others in their misery.

### THE THUNDER TEMPEST.

It was in the month of July, in the afternoon of a sultry day, and after a parching drought, when a black cloud appeared in the west, and threatened an unusual explosion of thunder and lightning. While Mr. Goodman left his study to contemplate the sublime and solemn scene; and he led out of doors with him his young niece, Eliza Goodman, a thoughtful and amiable girl, who had been recommended again and again to his care and guidance, by her father on his death bed.

Mr Goodman—I have called you out, Eliza to behold one of the grandest scenes in nature. See with what majesty those columns of clouds rise, and clash against one another by the force of contrary winds! Yet here below there is not a breath of air stirring. See with what grandeur the lightning bursts from the clouds! With what solemnity the thunder utters its voice! The tempest is now too distant to alarm us; till it approaches very nigh, we may contemplate it with undisturbed tranquillity; and I do assure you, my child, there are but few displays of nature which give me a sublimer pleasure.

Eliza—My dear uncle, I must own that such a scene is to me more awful than delightful. How many people, you know, have been struck dead by lightning. Look, sir, now dark and angry that cloud appears! I dread its coming nearer. Oh, that we might have showers of rain without any thunder and lightning!

Mr Goodman.—If you had the nature of that wish, I am sure you would not have made it; for it is, in effect, wishing for such a corrupt state of air as would produce general sickness and mortality. Lightning is an instrument in the hands of the wise Governor of the world, to kill poisonous vapours and clear and sweeten the air; and so to render it wholesome, and to prevent pestilence and other morbid diseases. Some few are struck dead; but for one person killed by lightning, several hundreds would in all probability, be destroyed by infections in the atmosphere. If this powerful instrument to cleanse it were not used. Therefore when we behold the lightning bursting from the clouds, we should, in ordinary cases, be more affected with gratitude than with fear; for its general tendency is to save lives rather than to destroy. I am far from meaning that we should feel no manner of dread in a severe thunder tempest. It is natural for every creature to fear in time of danger. The very cattle in the fields, as you may observe, have left off feeding, and huddling themselves together, begin to gaze at the clouds in dumb amazement: while the swallows you see yonder, are whirling themselves round, seemingly in sport; although in fact they are pursuing insects, which flying from the approaching tempest, crowd down close to the earth. The beasts being more liable to be struck, seem to apprehend their danger; while the birds whose feathers protect them in a manner from the lightning, appear unconcerned and merry. We should imitate neither the stupid amazement of the one, nor the wild gaiety of the other. Guided by reason and calling in the aids of religion, we should be composed, thoughtful, and devout.

### IRISH BARD.

It has long been a custom in some of the provinces of Ireland, for an itinerant poet to send a complimentary copy of verses into a gentleman's seat, while the family are at dinner, which serves for his whole circuit, only by versifying the name of the patron he addressed. One of these, hearing that Mr. Curran was on a visit at a house, he approached immediately, and introduced a couplet in honour of the witty barrister, who, instead of sending out money, wrote a humorous poetic reply at the tale of the verses, in return for the compliment conferred upon him; the bard, disappointed at so unprofitable a tribute to his travelling muses, subjoined the following impromptu, which had the effect of producing a more substantial compliment to his genius.—

This the return by Curran made,  
For a poor poet's strain!  
Was he for pleading this way paid,  
He'd never plead again.

A brewer was lately drowned in his own vat. Mr. Jekyll being informed of the circumstance, said, that the verdict of the Jury should be "found floating on his wat'ry beer!"



## WOMAN.

Perhaps no language can produce a more elegant tribute paid to the fair sex than that by Dr. Young in "The Force of Religion," a Divine Poem, on the fate of the inestimable Lady Jane Grey.

Virtue is beauty. But when charms of mind, With elegance of outward form are join'd; When youth makes such bright objects still more bright, And fortune sets them in the strongest light, 'Tis all below of heaven we may view; And all but adoration is your due."

## Anecdote for the Credulous.

In the memoirs of the Academy of Belles Lettres for the year 1718, we are gravely told that Adam was 122 feet 9 inches high, and Eve 118 feet 9 inches and three quarters; that Noah was 20 feet shorter than Adam, and that Abraham was no more than 27 feet high. Moses was reduced to 13 feet, Hercules to 10, Alexander the great to 6, and Julius Caesar to 5

## The Weekly Museum.

NEW-YORK, SEPTEMBER 2, 1809.

The city inspector reports the death of 66 persons, (of whom 12 were men, 7 women, 26 boys, and 21 girls) during the week ending on Saturday last, viz. Of apoplexy 1, consumption 8, convulsions 3, debility 1, dropsy 1, dropsy in the head 1, drowned 3, dysentery 2, intermittent fever 1, typhus fever 4, infantile flux 17, hives 3, inflammation of the brain 1, inflammation of the lungs 1, liver disease 1, old age 2, sprue 2, teething 8, whooping-cough 4, and 2 of worms.

Sixty-four persons died at Philadelphia last week; of whom 29 were adults and 35 children.

Two men by the names of Seneca Page and Harris Covert, of Vermont, have been apprehended in New-Jersey for passing a counterfeit 3 dollar note of the Manhattan bank. They were examined before Samuel Beach, Esq. of the city of Jersey, and committed to jail in the county of Bergen for trial. 15,000 dollars in counterfeit bills were found upon them, of the following denominations:—50 dollars of Boston branch; 10, 5, and 3 do. of Manhattan Bank, 5 and 2 do. of Columbia Bank; 2 do. of Schenectady bank; 5 do. of New-York bank; and 3 do. of Hudson bank: with a variety of others, amounting altogether, it said, to the sum of 50,000 dollars.

We learn from Albany, that two men were killed, and ten others wounded, by the falling of the frame of a house, at Troy, on Friday, the 25th ult.—The particulars are not known, nor the names of the sufferers.

Drowned at Hudson on Thursday the 24th ult. Dr. John M. Mann, a gentleman of science and skill in his profession, and generally esteemed for his probity and exemplary conduct.—He has left a young and numerous family.

Through the liberality of the government of the state of Ohio, a University has lately been established at Athens, on the Hockensing River, in that state. The languages, natural and moral philosophy, rhetoric, &c. are taught at very moderate prices. Two townships of land have been reserved and appropriated for the support of this institution.

Useful Information.—Mr. Thomas O. Williams, of Smithfield, Jefferson County, Virginia, is in possession of a quantity of the celebrated Chick Weed, so famous for the cure of the bite of a mad dog, or any other mad animal. It has also proved effectual in curing the bite of the most venomous serpent or insect.

Fire.—On Tuesday evening the 8th inst. about 10 o'clock, the dwelling house and kitchen of Capt. Joseph Longacre, of Winchester, Virginia, was entirely consumed by fire, together with a considerable part of his household and kitchen furniture, and upwards of 200 gallons of liquor. The whole loss is estimated at 3000 dollars. This catastrophe was occasioned, it is supposed, by one of Capt. Longacre's sons taking a torch of pine into the kitchen in pursuit of rats.

Davenport's tavern at Stamford, Connecticut, was destroyed by fire on Thursday night, the 24th inst. A considerable portion of the furniture was saved, but a gentleman by the name of Crawford, who slept in the third story, was unfortunately missing.—Mr. Davenport was postmaster of the place. The letters, papers, and other property of the office were all preserved.

A fire broke out at Norfolk, Virginia, on the 17th inst. on the wharves, which consumed five warehouses, with most of their contents, before it was arrested—loss 15,000 dollars. The fire was arrested in its progress by a fire-proof house, on which circumstance the Norfolk Herald makes the following remarks which we extract as affording an useful lesson to merchants and others in relation to building warehouses, &c.

"But what commanded our admiration (if admiration could be excited when viewing the dreadful spectacle) was the warehouse of Mr. Thomas Dickson, adjoining the houses that were on fire. For nearly three hours did the flames beat with unabated fury against it, without producing any visible effect. It stands an imperishable monument of the policy and interest of erecting fire-proof houses; as, had it not been for this happy circumstance, Norfolk would this day present as gloomy an aspect as it did in the winter of 1804."

On Saturday night last, about half past 10 o'clock, a frame stable and coach-house, situated in a court running east from near No. 17 south Eighth street, in Philadelphia, was discovered to be in flames, and was entirely consumed, together with the adjacent buildings occupied by Mr. William Helman, as a pottery, were considerably damaged. The fire originated in the stable; and no doubt is entertained but that it is was the act of some daring incendiary, as a tin box was found in the ruins of the stable, and from its appearance had evidently been filled with combustibles. The stable has been unoccupied for some time past.

About 3 o'clock, on the morning of the 4th ult. the dwelling-house of Norman Judd, of Burlington, Vermont, took fire, and, with nearly all it contained, was consumed to ashes. The fire was communicated from the potter's kiln which stood near the house, and also belonged to Mr. Judd.

## CISTERNS

Made and put in the ground complete warranted tight by C. ALFORD, No 15, Catharine street, near the Watch house

## COURT OF HYMEN.

WEDDED LOVE! the bard thy beauty hail,  
Tho' mixed at times, with cock and hen-like spare  
rings:  
But calms are very pleasant after gales,  
And dove-like peace much sweeter after wrangings.  
Wedlock should be like Punch—so sweet, some  
acid;  
Then life is nicely Turbulent and Placid.

## MARRIED.

On Friday the 13th ult. by the Rev Mr. Townley, Mr. Daniel Turner, to Miss Margaret Deklyn, both of this city

On Sunday evening, the 20th ult. by the Rev Bishop Moore, Mr. William Longhurst, of the island of Guernsey, to the amiable Miss Catharine McKillip, daughter of Capt. John McKillip, of Shelburne, Nova-Scotia.

On Monday the 21st ult. by the Rev. Mr. Townley, Mr. William Parker, to Miss Elizabeth Johnson, both of this city.

On Monday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Lyell, Mr. William Chambers, of Long-Island, to Miss Mary Woods, of this city

On Tuesday evening last, by the Rev Mr. Thatcher, Mr. James Hall, to Miss Hannah Kester, both of this city

At Boston, Mr. William Burdick, printer, to Miss Lucretia Sprague.

## MORTALITY.

BLAST are the dead, who in Jehovah die,  
They weep no more, nor heave the painful sigh;  
But burst the tomb, and in full glory rise,  
To reign with angels in th' immortal skies.

## DIED.

On Friday the 25th inst. after a lingering illness, Mrs. Elizabeth Stilwell, an old and respectable inhabitant of this city

On Sunday morning, after a few days illness, John Morrel, son of Captain Stephen Morrel.

On Monday last, Mrs. Martha Bingham, at the advanced age of 86 years.

On Tuesday last, of a lingering illness, Mrs. Sarah Kerr.

At Claverack, Mr. Samuel Wey, son of Mr. James Wey, aged 18, a student at law under, J. R. Van Rensselaer, Esq. He was a young man who possessed genius and talents we may safely assert, unequalled by any person of his age in the state. As a public writer he has appeared with credit in the New-York as well as other papers. And in his death the community have undoubtedly lost a youth who promised an extraordinary degree of usefulness and respectability.

At the Havana, on the 10th of July, Thomas Carpenter, a native of New-Jersey, and on the 27th of the same month, at the same place, Tredwell Bryant, a native of New-Hampstead, Long-Island, both seamen belonging to the brig Undaunted

In Haverhill, Massachusetts, Mr. Peter Niles, of Bath. Having recently experienced what he deemed a disappointment in love, he determined to commit suicide, and accordingly arranged his business, made his will, composed a view of his religious principles, accompanied with addresses to his relatives, left orders concerning his funeral, and with great deliberation retired in the afternoon to the edge of the woods, where, as is imagined, he terminated all his woes, by a shot from his gun.

In England, suddenly, on the 28th of June, Mr. Daniel Lambert, the human mammoth. He weighed 759 pounds; and measured 3 yards 4 inches round the belly, and 1 yard 1 inch round the leg. His coffin was 6 feet four inches long, 4 feet 4 inches wide, 2 feet 4 inches deep. His clothes cost him about £20 sterling a suit. Mr. Lambert's corpulence had constantly increased, until the clogged machinery of life stood still.—He was in his 60th year. He had apartments on the ground floor, for he had long been incapable of ascending stairs. His coffin was placed on two axletrees and four wheels, and a window and a part of a wall of the room was taken down to allow of its passage. The earth was cut away sloping towards his grave for a considerable distance, and the coffin was moved on wheels to the very place of its final deposit

## COURT OF APOLLO.

The following quaint lines, by Francis Quarles, written about the year 1633, may possibly amuse some. They are prefixed to Phineas Fletcher's Poplar Island, or the Isle of Man.

Man's body's like a house; his greater bones  
Are the main timber; and the lesser ones  
Are smaller joists: his ribs are laths, daubed o'er,  
Plastered with flesh and blood, his mouth's the  
door,  
His throat's the narrow entry, and his heart  
Is the great chamber, full of curious art;  
His midriff is a large partition wall  
Twixt the great chamber and the spacious hall;  
His stomach is the kitchen, where the meat  
Is often but half sod for want of heat;  
His spleen's a vessel nature does allot  
To take the scum that rises from the pot;  
His lungs are like the bellows that respire,  
In every office quick'ning every fire;  
His nose the chimney is, whereby are vented  
Such fumes as with the bellows are augmented;  
His bowels are the sink, whose part's to drain  
All noisome filth and keep the kitchen clean;  
His eyes are crystal windows clear and bright  
Let in the object and let out the sight,  
And as the timber is, or great or small,  
Or stronger or weak, 'tis apt to stand or fall:  
Yet is the likeliest building sometimes known  
To fall by obvious chances; overthrown,  
Of times by tempests, by the full mouthed blasts  
Of Heaven; sometimes by fire: sometimes it wastes  
Through unadvised neglect—  
What hast thou then, proud flesh and blood, to boast?  
Thy days are evil at best, but few at most:  
But sad at merriest, and but weak at strongest,  
Uncure at surest, and but short at longest.

## LOVE LACONIC.

PAYTHE, PHILLIS, speak thy mind,  
Am I the man or no?  
If I am not, be so kind  
To tell me plainly so!

If my passion you approve,  
I'm of course your lover!  
If you can't return my love,  
Faith—I'll try another!

## REPLY TO LOVE LACONIC

I thought my eyes had spoke my mind,  
You're not the man—Oh no!  
You did not need—presumptuous blind!  
My tongue should tell you so!

Your passions and yourself I scorn,  
No lover thou to me,  
Nor further try—no maid so torn  
As to accept of thee.

## JUST RECEIVED, AND FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE, THE EXILE OF ERIN,

A NEW NOVEL  
BY MISS GUNNING.

ALSO  
THE COMMUNICANT'S COMPANION;  
OR,  
INSTRUCTIONS AND HELP  
FOR  
THE RIGHT RECEIVING OF THE LORD'S  
SUPPER.

## RAGS.

Cash given for clean Cotton and Linnen RAGS  
at this office,

## TORTOISE SHELL COMBS,

FOR SALE, BY  
N SMITH—CHYMICAL PERFUMER,  
FROM LONDON,

At the sign of the Golden Rose,  
NO 114 BROADWAY

Just received a handsome assortment of Ladies  
ornamented Combs of the newest fashion—also  
Ladies plain Tortoise Shell Combs of all kinds

Smith's purified Chymical Cosmetic Wash. By  
far superior to any other for softening beauty,  
and preserving the skin from chapping, with an agree-  
able perfume 4 and 8s each

Gentlemen's Moisture Pouches for travelling, the  
holds all the shaving apparatus complete in a small  
compass

Odours of Roses for smelling bottles

Smith's improved Chymical Milk of Roses so well  
known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples red-  
ness or sunburns, and is very fine for gentlemen af-  
ter shaving, with printed directions, 3s 4s 8s and 12  
bottle, or 3 dollars per quart

Smith's Pomade de Grasse for thickening the  
hair and keeping it from coming out or turning grey  
4s and 8s per pot. Smith's Tooth Paste warranted

Violet double scented Rose Hair Powder 2s 6d  
Smith's Savoyette Royal Paste for washing the  
skin, making it smooth delicate and fair 4 and 8s per  
pot, do paste

Smith's Cymical Dentrifice Tooth Powder for the  
teeth and gums, warranted—2 and 4s per box

Smith's Vegetable Rouge for giving a natural col-  
our to the complexion, likewise his Vegetable or  
Pearl Cosmetic, for immediately whitening the skin

Smith's superfine Hair-Powder. Almond powder  
for the skin, 8s per lb

Smith's Circassia or Antique Oil for curling, gloss-  
ing and thickening the hair, and preventing it from  
turning grey 4s per bottle

Highly improved sweet-scented hard and soft Po-  
matums 1s per pot or roll. Doled do 2s

Smith's Balsamic Lip Salve of Roses, for giving a  
most beautiful coral red to the lips 2 and 4s per box

Smith's Lotion for the teeth warranted

His purified Alpine Shaving Cake, made on chy-  
mical principles to help the operation of shaving 3s  
and is 6d

Smith's celebrated Corn Plaster 3s per box

Ladies and Gentlemen's Pocket Books

Ladies silk Braces. Elastic worsted and Cotton  
Garters, and Eau de Cologne

Salt of Lemons for taking out iron mold

\* \* The best warranted Concave Razors, Elastic  
Razor Strops, Shaving Boxes, Dressing Cases, Pen-  
knives, Scissors, Tortoise-shell, Ivory and Horn  
combs, Superfine white starch, Smelling Bottles &c.

Ladies and Gentlemen will not only have a saving  
but have their goods fresh and free from adultera-  
tion, which is not the case with imported Perfumery

8 Trunks Marseilles Pomatum

Great allowance to those who buy to sell again

## RICHARD MULHERAN.

Has for sale at his stores, No 12 Peck's-Slip, and at  
Greenwich, opposite the State Prison Barracks, a  
neat assortment of Dry Goods, consisting of Super-  
fine and Second Cloth, Cassimeres, Swansdowns,  
Flannels, Cotton Cassimeres, Russia Diapers, Cotton  
Umbrells, Black and White Cambric Muslins, Cal-  
licoes, Furniture Dimities, India Lustrings, Cotton  
and Thread Laces, Blue and White Gurrals, Ma-  
moodies, Cotton Garters, &c. which he will sell on mod-  
erate terms for cash.

The store at Greenwich will continue open till  
the first of November.

## COUNTRY CLOTH AND BEES-WAX.

1000 Yards very fine, middling, and coarse brown  
and white Country Tow-Cloth.

300 Pounds Bees-Wax.  
Superfine New York inspected Flour, warranted of  
the first quality, for family use, constantly kept on  
hand, and for sale, by

STEPHEN HOLT, Jun.

No. 240, Front-street.

## WANTED IMMEDIATELY.

An Apprentice to the Printing Business. None need  
apply unless well recommended. Inquire at this Of-  
fice.

## BILIOUS CORDIAL.

A FRESH SUPPLY, JUST RECEIVED,  
AND FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE,

In Bottles at Four or Six Shillings each.

An immediate, safe and effectual remedy in the most  
obstinate cases of **BILIOUS CHOLIC**, and is pecu-  
liarly proper in all complaints proceeding from a redun-  
dancy of Bile. It may be used to great advantage in  
Complaints of the Bowels generally, and is as agree-  
able as efficacious.

A supply of the above cordial is just received from  
the proprietor (a resident of New Jersey, who having  
witnessed the happy effects resulting from its use in  
several years past, considers it a duty highly incum-  
bent to place it more in the way of his fellow crea-  
tures.

Numerous affidavits, (and those the most respecta-  
ble) might be produced of its utility and effects, but  
these auxiliaries are too often abused in recommend-  
ing trash as specifics in every complaint.

A trial of the Bilious cordial will in itself be its best  
recommendation.

August 19.

## S. DAWSON'S,

WARRANTED DURABLE INK.

FOR WRITING ON LINEN WITH A PEN,  
FOR SALE

by the quantity or single bottle, at No 3 Peck-Slip  
and at the Proprietors 48 Franklin-street.

## THOMAS MORTON,

Begs leave to acquaint his friends and the public  
that he has removed to No. 92 William-street, the  
store occupied by the late Mrs. Brasher: where he  
has for sale the following fancy and staple articles—

Damask and diaper table cloths  
Fine French cambrics and linens  
Twilled cotton sheetings  
6-4 wide checks and bed ticks  
Chintz, calicoes and ginghams  
Fancy shawls, silk, cotton and camels hair  
Ladies and gentlemen's silk and cotton hose  
Gentlemen's English black silk extra sizes do.  
India book, cambrics and mulmull muslins  
Plain, Fancy, and Doras Pelongs  
Ribbons, sewing Silks, cotton and silk Trimmings  
Fancy Vesting, Cassimeres and Cloths  
Cotton Yarn for Sewing, Knitting and Drawing  
Pins, Tapes, velvet Binding and Fans  
White and coloured Threads, floss silk and Thread,  
with a variety of other Articles, which will be sold  
low, wholesale and retail.

May 27

1058—tf

## ECONOMICAL AND CONVENIENT

## CHAMBER-LIGHT,

By means of a Floating Wax Taper which will burn  
Ten Hours,

and not consume more than a spoonful of oil, and give  
a good and sufficient light. They require no particu-  
lar lamp, but may be burnt in a wine glass, tumbler,  
or any similar vessel.—Persons who are in the habit  
of being called up at night, and others requiring or  
wishing a light during the night (particularly the  
sick), will find those Tapers exceedingly cheap and  
convenient.—They are recommended to Publicans to  
light Segars with during the day.

They are sold at C. Harrison's Book-Store, in boxes  
containing 50 tapers, at 50 cents per box.

## JUST RECEIVED,

AND FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE,

a few reams elegant gilt edge and plain

NOTE PAPER,

ALSO,  
COMMON PRAYER BOOKS.

## NEW-YORK,

PUBLISHED BY C. HARRISON

NO. 3 PECK-SLIP.

One Dollar and Fifty Cents per Ann.

PAYABLE HALF IN ADVANCE